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## THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

### A NEW YEAR'S DAY REMINISCENCE.

"I AM lost! I am ruined! I am done! and oh! how many of my children and relations may be plunged into grief by this unlucky morning!"

So exclaimed old Margery Scott, as I entered her neat little cot to wish her a "HAPPY NEW YEAR."

She had buried her face in her clean white apron. I sat down to hear the bad news that had reached her that morning. I had met the postman at the end of the street, and knowing she had a son in India, I thought, at first, the sad intelligence of his death had reached her. Again, I thought it might be a less calamity. She had a few shares in some Bank, and many had failed; she might have lost her money and was reduced to beggary. A hundred different theories of misfortune like the flash of lightning darted upon my mind.

Mrs. Scott uncovered her face and looked the picture of complete distress. "Had you only come an hour sooner," she said, "you might have prevented all this; but you are too late." I was a little relieved by the utterance of these words. From childhood I had known old Margery to be the embodiment of dreams, and apparitions, and omens. She had three holy stones hung behind the door to keep away the witches, representing the three persons, she said, of "the Trinity." She could talk for ever about trances, dreams, ghosts and enchanted halls; her stories were the common property of the village. Now thought I, this is New Year's morning, lucky and unlucky persons and things are the gods or devils which are adored or abhorred by old Margery Scott, and the first article of her creed is "a whole year's fortune or misfortune depends on a

lucky or unlucky *first foot*." The chirp of a cricket, a hollow cinder on the hearth, the twinkling of the candle, the purring of the cat as the clock strikes, a room papered green, the first face seen at the door in the morning being a female; all these things and a thousand more are solemn preachers, death-watches, in the school of Margery Scott. She had in part now prepared me for the melancholy source of her griefs. "You know," said she, "the unlucky Tib Boldame, all the village has a right to know her. It was on the day of her removal to this village we had that great thunder-storm which knocked down the church steeple, I have watched her movements ever since. When the flood carried away the old bridge the tollman has been known to say the woman that passed first that morning along the bridge, he could almost swear, was Tib. And when poor Jones lost his life at Gill Head, I sent to see if she had not been about that place. I have a spiritual insight, and she knows that; and I have forbidden her my house. And this morning, the wicked woman, to be revenged of me, entered my house the back way, lighted her candle, was my first foot, tasted nothing, carried out fire: four bad omens to begin the year with. A female first foot, Tib, the unlucky Tib, tasted nothing in my house, and carried out fire. Oh! who can stand all this, and the last omen mixes my family up with my own fiery trials; this is known all over the civilized world."

This explanation relieved all my anxiety, I laughed and said, "Bring out the cheese, and cake, and cordials, Margery, I thought you had lost your son or all your money, you have only lost your common sense this morning, that you'll regain. I'll stand between you and danger of harm from unlucky Tib. I'm your *second foot* and will take Tib's share of these



good things and wish you *thrice* a "Happy New Year." Don't you remember the three stones behind the door, and that nothing can harm you; and don't you remember that three is a sacred number that can break any spell. I'll touch your troubles with my magic wand, and three times three I'll wish you a "Happy New Year," and all the Tib Boldame's of the country cannot harm you after that. This, if you have any faith in your own sayings, must be true. Now Margery I am reminded, I have a few tickets for the mechanics' soiree this evening. This is the programme, headed, "A HAPPY NEW YEAR," and The Way to be Happy. 'Squire Woodburn of the Grange takes the chair, and Miss Woodburn sings and presides at the piano. Be happy for one evening, you know not what you may hear to-night. The 'Squire will expect to see you there; you are an old friend of his."

Margery accepted the ticket, the Woodburn family were revered by her, she would go a-mile simply to see them at any time; everything the 'Squire said to Margery she treasured up and repeated a hundred times to all her friends. He had once told her she was very like his own mother, and he deeply respected her, and shook her hand so kindly, that every thing the 'Squire said or did was held in adoration. To think that that afternoon she would be in the same room, perhaps near him at tea, and Miss Woodburn too, that was delightful. Certainly she would go.

New Year's Day at Appleton was different now from times gone by. Gambling, drunkenness, and brawling had given place to active exertions for the intellectual, social, and moral improvements of the inhabitants. The large hall of the mechanics' institute was tastefully decorated. The name of the 'Squire to anything was a tower of strength, and produced willing workers in every department for the success of the soiree. Margery Scott was as good as her word and vied with the proudest of the village on that occasion. The tables were well filled with plum-cake and confectionery. Margery presumed these things, as well as the evergreens, must have come from the Grange. I did not attempt to undeceive her, that everything might have its best flavour. "Hats all off," the Esquire enters, and the band

strikes up, "The conquering hero comes." That he might be seen by everybody, a table was set out on the platform, for his presence I readily perceived made all happier. I found my old friend reviving and turning very cheery under the influence of so many fine folk and good things, "I think," said she, "even the shadow of Tib must not be here or it would upset all." "No fear of that," I replied.

After tea, the tables were speedily cleared, more forms were brought in, the people got seated, the village band again struck up a sweet air, after which Mr. Woodburn moved forward and took the chair. This was the signal for loud hurrahs.

The addresses delivered on the occasion and to the sentiments that headed the programme "A HAPPY NEW YEAR, AND THE WAY TO BE HAPPY," were of such real worth, contained so much simple, but sound philosophy, so suitable to the time and so level to the capacity of all, I will endeavour to give an extract of the addresses which ought to be read every New Year's Day to every family of the land:

The 'Squire thanked them for the honour done to him in calling him to preside over their meeting. He wished them all "A Happy New Year," and was glad the addresses were on the point, "The Way to make it Happy," this was of the utmost importance. You may lay the basework of a happy and prosperous year in sound instruction which may be the chart of your voyage, for the next twelve months. "I am sorry," continued he, "that so many regard this day, in a way, which, while they are wishing others happiness, and the compliment is returned, they are laying the foundation of misfortune, and misery, in the first acts of the year. Others again are so superstitious, innocent good people too, that they torment themselves about lucky and unlucky *first foot*s "till fancied harms like real misfortunes come," (Mrs. Scott was sitting listening and looking very profound, for she had strong faith in the 'Squire). "There is old Dame Murray," continued he, "it is distressing to hear her upon these matters. I have resolved to do all I can to explode this superstition. For three years past I have seen to it. That a *female* should be my first foot. I have selected each year *unlucky Tib Boldame*. I have resolved that on that particular occasion she was *not* to eat or drink



in my house, and worse still, that she should carry away *fire* out of my house. Many of you would declare yourselves ruined for the year under such unlucky omens. We never enjoyed more prosperity and happiness, despite of these things. You will be inclined now, I presume, after this declaration to give up your superstition about *first foot*s." (Margery Scott whispered into my ear she always considered the Squire a wonderful man.) "Happiness," continued he, "is not to be found in the New Year morning festivities and lucky first foots. Happiness is the reward of a well ordered life. Many of you, no doubt, in passing the Grange, have said in your hearts, you would be happy if you lived there. I am not the man to despise social position, and a comfortable home, and an elegant structure to live in. I wish you all comfortable homes. But be not deceived, "all that glitters is not gold." Once, so foolish was I, when abroad, in approaching an elegant mansion, that I said to my companion:

"Who could help being supremely happy dwelling in such a princely home, the abode of taste, beauty, and grandeur. There, seemingly, every wish was gratified, and they had only to enjoy, with no cloud to mar the sunshine of their existence."

"Let us enter," said my companion.

Noiselessly we pushed aside the folding-door, and stood upon the threshold of the "family gathering room." The velvet tapestry yielded to our step, and the enchained attention of the inmates made us observers unobserved.

"Money," groaned the father, pacing the floor, "money! curse of my life! what I have toiled early and late to grasp, wasted the best part of my life, buried the finer feelings of my nature, cast away choice friends, because they answered not my selfish ends—desecrated God's holy Sabbath to get money, and now where are we? houseless, homeless, and old before my time—my brow wrinkled, my eye dim, constitution shattered, friendless, and what has done it? money." The strong man bowed and wept in the agony of disappointed hopes.

I entered the humble abode of my day-labourer. The vine-clad roof, the blooming flowers, the neat grass-plot, the white walls, bespeak a taste deeper, more enduring, than that in the princely mansion.

How humble and lowly everything appeared in this home of peace. The prattling children hailed our entrance with joy, brought sweet flowers for our admiration, and told us we rich folks "gave them the seed and mamma made the flower-bed," and it made them so happy to see the honeysuckles climb over the lattice, and the morning glory nodded good morning to them, and they were so happy.

"Hurrah! here comes papa," shouted the darlings, bounding toward a smiling parent, whose sunburnt visage and careworn countenance betokened a labourer.

"You look *care-tired*, papa."

"Care is nothing when for those we love," replied the parent, clasping the children to his breast.

They drew about the evening meal, invoked the Father's blessing, thanked the giver for the blessings they enjoyed, and then partook of the evening meal with a cheerfulness and peace that I prized far above the princely habitation of the rich man. An unsullied conscience, that money could not purchase, or worldly elevation entice, was theirs.

Ah, thought I, gold is not happiness, costly habitation not the abode of the treasure; but the heart cleansed from its dross, and the heart fixed upon the gold "that moth or rust cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." The mind, the indwelling temple, makes our happiness, whether it is in huts of poverty or mansions of wealth, whether costly viands tempt the appetite or the productions of daily labor. The poor man has his sorrows; the rich man is not without his cares. Wisdom is the principal thing: get wisdom. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Miss Woodburn now sung "*Hearts and Homes*," accompanying herself on the piano.

The Chairman read a letter from the Rev. Jabez Knarrow, declining the invitation of the committee because of the music in the programme. The band after the letter appropriately played "*Sound the Loud Timbrel!*"

"The next sentiment," said Mr. Woodburn, "is, 'HOPE ON, HOPE EVER, AND MAKE THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.'" Mr. Harton spoke to the sentiment, and said, "In the spirit of this sentiment we should begin each day and year. There is no motto like this for one's guidance through



life. Storms, shadows, and darkness may and must assail our pathway, but the star of hope is always beaming, if we only will but see it, 'white as a white sail on a dusky sea.' For a person determined to make the best of everything, there are a variety of proverbial encouragements which never come amiss. 'It's a long lane that has no turning'—'Fortune's wheel is ever revolving'—'bad luck this time, better next,' are golden legends for the poor and struggling. There are some people who never will make an effort to raise their spirits. They seem born under a cloud; their hemisphere is always in shadow; they are always in what is vulgarly called 'a peck of trouble.' Remark to one of these croakers that the weather is pleasant, he will tell you that we shall have to pay for it to-morrow. If a piece of good fortune befall him, he is sure it can't last. It is just his luck to have things turn over the moment he begins to felicitate himself upon his happiness. Who never have a piece of toast particularly good and wide, that falls not on the sanded floor, and always on the buttered side. Their favourite strain is:—

'All that's fair must fade,  
The fairest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest.'

Very few happy New Years come to the homes of such people. They always have an unlucky first foot. I once knew a man whom neither care or sorrow seemed to affect; who at sixty had the digestion and flow of spirits of twenty-one; who had acquired a large fortune apparently without any effort; who, in short, was the happiest of men, and the envy of all who knew him. 'How is it,' I said to him, 'that you are so fortunate? What talisman secures to you all these advantages?' He smiled as he answered, 'I have no talisman, unless it is to *make the best of everything*. To make the best of everything! Like a key to a problem, the answer unlocked for me, at once, the world of the great mystery. Life is too short, and happiness too precious, to consume the one or throw away the other, in idle, unavailing regrets. Even if ill-fortune swells into a flood, and threatens to undermine the very ground on which we stand, is it not wiser to strive to bridge the torrent than

to wait bewailing our fate, till the waters swallow us? The weak and unstable succumb to destiny, and are washed into oblivion. The wise and brave, accepting circumstances as they present themselves, plunge boldly, like Horatio of old, into the stream, win the further shore in safety, and earn immortal renown. Few men, if any, ever succeeded in life who have not learned to make the best of everything; and, generally, their success is in exact proportion to their adherence to the rule. Does a debtor fail? Every merchant knows that it is the best course, if the debtor is honest, to accept his first offer of composition, and not squander money in useless litigation. Have you become insolvent yourself? The worst thing you can do is to give up to despair, and say it is folly trying to redeem yourself. Has a friend misjudged you, or an enemy done you secret harm? Don't lose precious moments in sentimental grief over ingratitude, or passionate threats at your wrong-doer, but go to work at once to shame your friend or disarm your foe. We are familiar with people who whine continually at fate. To believe them, never was lot so hard as theirs; yet those who know their history will tell you that their life has been one long tale of opportunities disregarded, or misfortunes otherwise deserved. Perhaps they were born poor. In this case they hate the rich, and have always hated them, but without ever having emulated prudence or energy. Perhaps they have seen their rivals more favoured by accident. In this event they forget how many have been less lucky than themselves; so they squander their little, because, as they say, they cannot save as much as others. Irritated at life, they grow old prematurely. Dissatisfied with everything, they never permit themselves to be happy. Because they are not born at the top of the wheel of fortune, they refuse to take hold of the spokes as the latter come around, but lie stubborn in the dirt, crying like spoiled children, neither doing anything themselves, nor permitting others to do it for them. Make the best of everything! At home, if wife or husband is cross, if servants are careless, if children are irritating, don't fly into a passion, for that will do no good, but make the best of the circumstances, fulfil your duty, and wait



for happier times. Abroad, if things look unpromising, preserve a stout heart, keep cool, and play your hand to the best of your ability. Even if fate has the first move, which is not always the case, you have the second; and the game may still be yours, if you play skilfully and hopefully. I wish you a 'HAPPY NEW YEAR,' and you shall have it so if you prefer hopeful industry and energy to whining indolence and discontent."

Miss Woodburn was called upon to sing "*Excelsior*," accompanying herself on the piano.

The Chairman called upon the Rev. G. Wiseman to respond to the sentiment, "THE WAY TO BE HAPPY"—who rose and said, "I rejoice you have a man among you like Mr. Woodburn. He has counselled you to throw away superstition. He is a match for the Queen of the South Sea Islands, who after having been converted to Christianity, ceased to believe in the old gods. 'My faithful people the gods do not dwell in that burning mountain. That is mere common fire. I will walk before you to that mountain. I will empty my wash bowl and cast my slipper over it, and defy it to the uttermost and stand the consequences. She did so, while the people looked on with pale horror and expectancy. She was unhurt and prosperous. They have had truer notions of the gods ever since. Mr. Woodburn has acted the part of a Hero in the matter. There is no person in the village that would not like to have unlucky Tib as first foot now, who has been the first foot of the 'Squire for three years. I wish you all a 'Happy New Year.' I am glad my sentiment is to show the way to be happy. I will try to keep to the point.

"I am happy to-night. I have spent the day in doing good," said a woman of the world to me, not long since. She was a fashionable, one whose time and thoughts had all been engrossed by dress and fashion, who had thought more of the shade of a ribbon, the tint of a brocade, or the droop of a feather, than of religion, duty, or humanity, till roused from her position by the powerful eloquence of truth. She had been unhappy; a spirit of restlessness and wretchedness had possessed her; she had found no pleasure in life, no solace in the society

of friends, no joy in her religion, which, alas! was a dead letter—the show without the substance. She had lived in excitement; to banish it she had plunged deeper into the excitement of the world's pleasures, to escape 'That viewless fiend whose horrid presence men have named despair.' But all to no purpose. She was a woman of large heart, and kindly sympathies; but these had been suffered to remain inactive and sleeping. But they had been roused, and she had changed her course—and the result was, after her first day of Samaritan-like kindness, a happy heart, a cheerful spirit, and a blessed consciousness that life might be made useful and happy; and she said, after a day spent thus, as all would say, 'I am happy to-night.'

"How many of those whose hearts are laden with sorrow, who can find no peace, no comfort, no rest for the troubled spirit, if they would flee from sorrow, might be happy in doing good; for nowhere on earth is there so sweet a pleasure, so pure a joy. An act of kindness, of charity, and benevolence, will unlock the gates of joy, and the tide of bliss will flow over the soul, and its memory will be sweet. It can never be effaced; it will linger through years of sorrow, and illumine the darkness of a dying hour.—The memory of the futile and transitory pleasures of life will pass away, the choicest dreams will be destroyed, anticipations and hopes may be blasted, but this will linger and shed a halo of joy ever round the heart. As Rogers says—

'Lighter than air hope's visions die  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;  
If but a beam of sober reason play,  
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work fades away.  
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,  
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?  
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light,  
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest  
Where virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.'

All have this pleasure within their reach,—the lowliest may enjoy it, for it is free to all. Those who have command of lavish wealth may be enabled to do more good; but those who have less can do in proportion to their means, and those who have nothing more to give can give a kind word, a gentle smile—and these are far from worthless. My friends, try this method of seeking happiness,—you who



have sought it in vain elsewhere, and you who have obtained a feverish pleasure, a momentary joy in the excitement and blandishments of wealth and fashion,—you whose heavy hearts are beating 'neath the satin boddice, whose bosom heaves the sigh beneath the costly lace, and whose tear drops on the flashing diamond. Seek out the needy, the destitute and the suffering, and relieve their distress, and you will return with a light heart,—your wealth will have a purer value in your eyes, as the means of doing good, and as you lay your head on the pillow, your heart will sing for joy, as it has never done when you have returned from the noisy revel or the fashionable rout. You whose life has been aimless, whose whole thought has been present pleasure and selfish joy, and who have failed to find a source of lasting pleasure, turn away from these selfish aims, and learn the beauty of benevolence, of kindness, of expansive love.

‘Let all thy efforts tend  
Through life to some great, some noble end,  
And life itself will soon a nobler aspect wear.’

Existence will have a new pleasure,—you will prize life more highly as a source of good to others. Your harp of life will have a new chord, and give forth strains of sweeter music. The heavens will have a brighter tint, and the earth a more smiling face. You will learn to love God better, and to thank Him more. Life will seem to you a blessed boon, and death a smiling angel. Your trust will be increased, and you will learn to sing with the poet, “I cannot go where universal love smiles not around;” and with this blessed consciousness you will be willing to enter within the shadow, and behind the dark veil; and in this hour, when we are called to join the “innumerable caravan,” how like sweet visions hovering round us will be the memory of good deeds, acts of kindness, words of love,—and you fall to sleep peacefully, knowing when you bid this world “good night,” angels in the better world will bid you “good morning.”

This was the last speaker.

Miss Wood urn sung “Let’s all be happy togethe.”

The chairman pulled out his watch and reminded them it was getting late. The evening had been well spent and the

basework of a prosperous and happy year he hoped had been well laid. The speakers had done more to dissipate fears and explode false theories about New Year, than all the plum-cake and spirit bottles in the village.

Votes of thanks were tendered with loud hurrahs.

The band played the “National Anthem,” and the meeting began to disperse.

Everybody seemed pleased with everybody else. Many old enemies were made friends.

Tib Boldame came across the room, and hoped old Margery had enjoyed herself. “And have you been the Squire’s first foot for three years.” “Just so,” laughed Tibby. And yours also, by stealth, for two years past, by request of the Squire, and old Dame Murray’s also. The Squire laughed at old Dame Murray’s stories, of her lucky first foot these last few years, knowing she was mistaken. I was sorry you caught me this morning. He said he would put it all right to-night. He has kept his word.”

Margery shook most warmly the hand of Tib and said, “the Squire she always knew, was a wonderful man. What light he had thrown upon a dark subject that had troubled her head very much.” She turned to me and said, she understood the Squire subscribed to the reading room. I might put her name down for half-a-crown a-year, for that meeting had done her distressed mind a “world of good.”

## “PROFANE SWEARING.”

### THE TABLES TURNED.

THE Revd. Dr. Cumming, whilst lately delivering a lecture at Dover, on the “Inspiration, Adaptation and varied Excellence of the Bible,” sought to amuse his audience, by expatiating on the very ingenious manner in which “Unitarian expositors “get over the difficulty,” which besets their doctrine in the exclamation of Thomas to Jesus Christ after his resurrection. “They,” (Unitarians) said that “learned” divine, “declare the exclamation of Thomas, “My Lord and my God” to be a piece of *profane swearing*. The Doctor’s pleasantry, which is said to have immensely “tickled” his audience, is, we imagine not quite original, inasmuch as the Revd. Canon Trevor of York, whilst



lately preaching on the words of the incredulous disciple, made use of similar language. "This text," said he, "hath ever been held as an indisputable proof of the essential Deity of Christ, by all professing Christians except a few despicable heretics, who are driven to the miserable expedient of charging the disciple with the use of *"profane swearing."*

Whether the Doctor and the Canon have discovered this grand idea, in the course of their own studies, or are indebted to the genius of a third person,—it will be readily supposed, that no Unitarian writer was ever guilty of such an impious expression. Unitarian commentators maintain, that the words of Thomas are a solemn exclamation, excited by feelings of overwhelming surprise. By an ingenious logical deduction, akin to the "horse-chesnut and the chesnut-horse," such persons as the Doctor and the Canon exclaim, "If you use the sacred name of God, otherwise than in the solemn service of prayer,—you take that name in vain,—you are guilty of *profane swearing*. You Unitarians must therefore abide by the accusation, with which you presume to charge an apostle.

Grant the force of this argument for a moment, and turn to a sermon, preached in Exeter Hall, on the evening of the Seventh of June last, by the Revd. Capel Molyneux of the Lock Chapel. We find there, (page 17) the following appeal to the audience, on the necessity of immediately directing their thoughts to Christ. "I ask not what you think to-morrow! To-morrow! to-morrow!! to-morrow!!! *My gracious God!* What knowest thou, O man, of to-morrow?" The sacred name of God is here used not in invocation but in exclamation. *Is Mr. Molyneux guilty of PROFANE SWEARING?* His congregation includes, at least, we may say a thousand persons; twelve thousand copies of it have since been circulated throughout the land. It has been probably read by several bishops and a goodly number of the clergy, but, strange to say, the *profane swearing* seems altogether to have been overlooked. We would therefore modestly direct the attention of Dr. Cumming and Canon Trevor to the above fact, which must greatly affect the purity of the Orthodox church.

H. V. P.

## SIXTY REASONS

### WHY CHRIST IS NOT GOD.

JESUS CHRIST was so great and godlike, that many of his disciples, contrary to the testimony of Scripture, have come to believe that he is verily God. But this makes a riddle of revelation, and both reason and faith are confounded by the doctrine. It is all-important, therefore, to revert to the New Testament, and see how plainly it teaches that Jesus is not God, but the Son of God, and the Saviour of men.

#### LIMITATIONS OF JESUS.

1. "Jesus was born." Matt. 2: 1. Could the Eternal God be born? 2. "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature." Luke 2: 52. God being already infinite, cannot increase in any attribute of his nature. 3. "Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well." John 4: 6. The all-powerful God could not be weary. 4. "He was asleep." Matt. 8: 24. Can this be the great God, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth? 5. "He was tempted." Mark 1: 13. "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man." James 1: 13. 6. "My soul is exceedingly sorrowful." Matt. 26: 38. The ever-blessed God cannot be in agony. Luke 22: 44. 7. Jesus speaks of his flesh and blood. John 6: 55. But "God is a spirit." John 4: 24. 8. "Jesus wept." John 11: 35. But an Omnipotent Being can shed no tears; for tears measure the distance between our wants and our abilities. 9. "He hungered." Matt. 21: 18. But the world is God's, and the fulness thereof. Ps. 50: 12. 10. "Jesus saith, I thirst." John 19: 28. Pain and thirst are incidental to a finite, but not to an infinite being. 11. Jesus "was made perfect through sufferings." Hebrews 2: 10. But our heavenly father is a being of unchangeable perfections from all eternity. 12. "The Son of man had not where to lay his head." Matt. 8: 20. But to the Creator belong all worlds and all beings. 13. "Jesus gave up the ghost." Mark 15: 37. But with the ever-living God there is no beginning of days, nor end of years. 14. Jesus was laid "in the tomb." Matt. 27: 60. But God containeth all things, and is contained in nothing.



## OFFICES AND RELATIONSHIPS OF CHRIST.

15. "Christ who is the image of God." 2 Cor. 4: 4. God and the image of God cannot be identical, any more than an object and the shadow of that object can be the same. 16. "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels." Heb. 2: 7. He that is made cannot be the original maker of all, nor he that is lower than angels the most high God. 17. "For there is one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Tim. 2: 5. But God cannot be two beings at once, a Mediator and a party between whom and men he acts as Mediator. 18. "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" that, all spiritual influence and authority pertaining to the Christian Church. Matt. 28: 18. But to the Omnipotent One no power can be given, and from him none can be taken away. 19. "Jesus, who is called Christ;" that is, anointed. Matt. 1: 16. But he who anoints, or, in modern phrase, commissions, and he who is commissioned cannot be one and the same being without confounding all moral and intellectual distinctions. 20. "He hath committed all judgment unto the Son." John 5: 22. When we merge personalities together so as to make the sovereign who gives, and the officer who receives a judgeship identically the same, then and not till then will it do to call God and Christ one being. 21. Jesus was "raised up," "called," "sanctified," "sent," "exalted," to be "a Prince and Saviour." Acts 13: 23; Luke 1: 32; John 10: 36; Phil. 2: 9. But all these acts imply a superior agent who did them, and a passive inferior subject who received them. 22. "Jesus was baptized." Matt. 3: 16. Would it not be irreverent to say that God was baptized? 23. Jesus was called a High Priest, Heb. 6: 20, by a Jewish figure of speech. But it would be a palpable inconsistency, contradiction, and absurdity to be God and the Priest of God at the same time. 24. Christ was the son of David. Matt. 22: 42. But God cannot be the son of any being. 25. Nor is the force of such plain words dulled by saying that in his human nature Christ was the son of David, but in his Divine nature he was God. For as to us there is one God, and not three Gods in one person, or Godhead, so there is one Lord Jesus, and not two Christs, or two natures

in one person or Christhood. 1 Cor. 8: 6; Eph. 4: 5

## ACTS AND SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

26. "My father is greater than I." John 14: 28. He who is less than God cannot be God. 27. "I and my father are one." John 10: 30. But he that is one with another cannot be that other. What his oneness was with God is proved by his prayer. John 17: 22, for his disciples, "that they may be one, even as we are one;" *i.e.*, in affection, design, life, not in essence or nature. Jesus speaks of man and wife being one flesh, Matt. 19: 5; but the very fact that he predicated oneness of them implied, not identity of nature, but coincidence of affection. 28. Jesus "continued all night in prayer to God." Luke 6: 12. He who is the Proprietor of all has no need to pray. 29. "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." Mark 13: 32. Then we infer that Jesus in his knowing or intelligent faculties was ignorant of a certain time, and if so he could not have been the Omniscient God. 30. "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Matt. 26: 39. The will is the faculty of personality. The will of Jesus and the will of God are here contrasted so, as to give us two distinct persons! else the prayer is without point and meaning. 31. "And in that day ye shall ask me nothing." John 16: 23. But the Apostles and their converts and successors have never ceased to pray to God. 32. "The Son can do nothing of himself." John 5: 19. If then the Son be God, we have the impossible proposition that God can do nothing of himself. 33. "Father into thy hands I commend my spirit." Luke 23: 46. If any part of the nature of Jesus was of the nature Deity, it must have been his spirit; but he commends that spirit into the hands of the Father. Can we suppose for a moment, then that his spirit and the Father were identical? 34. Jesus said, "My father." John 10: 29. But God could not be Father to God. 35. "I ascend unto my Father, and unto your Father; and to my God and your God." John 20: 17. Jesus here declares that his God and Father was the same as the God and Father of his



disciples, and that God could not, without prevarication, have been himself. 36. "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works" John 14: 10. Jesus disclaims in explicit words inherent omnipotence, and refers his power back to Divine source. 37. "And greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." John 14: 12. But can any one exceed the greatness of God's works, as it is declared one might exceed the works of Christ? 38. "Why callest thou me good? None is good save one, that is God" Luke 18: 19. If God is good, and Jesus is God, on what ground did he repudiate the title of good, *i.e.*, absolutely good? 39. "An angel strengthened him." Luke 22: 43. But God being all powerful can neither be weakened nor strengthened. 40. "Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me." John 11: 41. Would such a sentence be perfectly truthful or consistent, if the party called Father were God, and the other party called I were God, and the two were essentially one and the same Being?

#### ATTRIBUTES OF JESUS, NOT DIVINE.

41. "No man hath seen God at any time." John 1: 18. But Jesus appeared to his disciples. 42. "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham;" *i.e.*, he became a man. Heb. 2: 16. Then he was finite, not infinite; for man is finite. 43. Jesus had a mother. The Catholics speak of the mother of God; but it shocks us as a gross impiety, only pardonable because men use words by custom without considering their meaning. 44. Jesus had brothers and sisters. Matt. 13: 55, 56. Has God brothers and sisters as well as a mother? 45. Jesus increased in favour with God. Luke 2: 52. Can that mean that he increased in favour with himself? 46. "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God." Acts 2: 22. If a man, then he was not God; for the term God-man, or man-God finds no use nor support in the Scriptures. 47. Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am? Matt. 16: 13. Have we any authority for calling the Son of man, God? 48. "Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Col. 3: 1. How can he who sitteth at the right hand, and he at whose right hand he sitteth, be one and the same being?

49. Jesus uses *I* and *thou*, *I* and *he*, when he speaks of himself and God. Matt. 11: 25. Thus the "doctrine of pronouns" testified to the distinct personality of Christ and God. 50. "God hath spoken unto us by his Son." Heb. 1: 1, 2. But the actor and the instrument cannot be confounded in one without giving up the usages of language. 51. "Before Abraham was, I am." John 8: 58. This would be unnecessary to say, if he is already conceded to be the God of Abraham. 52. "The testimony of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the father that sent me beareth witness of me." John 8: 17, 18. Jesus here explicitly calls himself and God two; then they could not be absolutely one. 53. "I live by the Father," &c." John 6: 57. Jesus promises that his faithful disciple should live by him, as he lived by the Father, *i.e.*, by spiritual assimilation. 54. "Your Father Abraham rejoiced to see my day." John 8: 56. God is without days or years. 55. "As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world." John 9: 5. Will God ever cease to be in the world, as Christ intimates that he was about to cease to be in the world? 56. "It is my Father that honoureth me." John 8: 54. Can he that honoureth and he that is honoured centre in one personal existence? 57. "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." John 14: 1. What additional duty did Jesus require after they believed in God, if he were God? 58. "I go unto the Father." John 14: 23. To what other God could Jesus go if he were himself that Being? 59. "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you." John 15: 9. What would be the force of the comparison, if only two beings, and not three were spoken of? for then the stair-case of Divine love from man to Christ, and from Christ to God, would be broken, and only man and God would remain after the intermediate term was destroyed by its absorption in the Deity. 60. "Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him." Matt. 16: 22. Would the Apostle have taken that liberty, if Jesus were God?

Therefore, for these and many other reasons which might be adduced, but of which these are a specimen, we, as Unitarian and Liberal Christians, do earnestly and solemnly believe that Jesus Christ is



not God, but the Son of God. And we must ever regard it as one of the greatest errors and calamities that has ever befallen the Christian religion, that a doctrine like that of the Godship of Jesus Christ should be taught; one at which "reason stands aghast, and faith herself is half confounded."

—*Christian Inquirer.*

### WHICH IS THE LADY ?

"Who lives there, Hettie?" And Cousin Henry pointed to the pretty pink cottage, hiding behind its dark cedars and drooping larches, which we could see very plainly from the front chamber window where we sat together.

"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett live there. They are young people, and I wish *you* could see the lady, Cousin Henry."

"Why, Hettie?"

"Because she is so perfectly lady-like. I cannot keep my eyes off her when she comes in here; every movement is so full of grace. She walks across the room, or takes a seat, in a way that is perfectly captivating; in short, she realizes my *ideal of a lady*, graceful, elegant, refined—what are you laughing at, Cousin Henry?"

"At *yourself*. Forgive me, dear, but I see you have't lost your old intensity of language since we parted. I believe, however, extravagant adjectives are one of the failings of your sex. I should like to see this paragon of yours, anyhow."

"Well, you shall, to-morrow afternoon—how fortunate that mamma invited her and Mrs. Pease to tea."

"And who is Mrs. Pease?"

"Another of our recent neighbours. She lives in that neat straw-colored brick house, just down the road. But, dear me! she isn't a bit like Mrs. Garrett, though they are old friends and school-mates. She's fat and dumpy, and so clumsy and *gauche*. They do say, though, she's very kind-hearted. Hark! doesn't that robin sing sweetly in the old elm?"—And listening to the notes as they pulsed up through the green leaves, I forgot all about the gossip with which I had been entertaining my companion during the morning.

I had not seen Cousin Henry Ward for many long years. He had been abroad during that time, and his return was an occasion of great rejoicing to me. There were ties beside those of kindred between

us, for Henry's wife, Clara Hunter, had been the tenderly-beloved companion of my girlhood. Cousin Henry was a little eccentric in his views and opinions. I am certain I never quarrelled with any other man half so much as I have with him. I am certain I never loved two others as well. His heart was a warm, generous, true one; his perceptions of character were remarkably acute; so, from childhood we had quarrelled. I had pouted, and then we "made up," and ended by loving each other as brothers and sisters not often do.

The next morning our neighbors made their advent. Mrs. Garrett was elegant, fascinating as ever, and I saw Cousin Henry, who, like most men of his temperament, highly appreciated grace and beauty, was much attracted by the lady's manner.

Perhaps her face was not regularly beautiful, but its brightness and vivacity more than atoned for this; and there was a grace, an ease and self-possession in every movement and manner, which impressed every one. Her voice was clear, and soft, her conversation cultivated and piquant, and it seemed as if an atmosphere of elegance and refinement environed her at all times.

Very unlike this was her friend, Mrs. Pease. Her manners were not unlady like, and her conversation was pleasing and intelligent; but her mould was very different from her friend's, who, perhaps, was not aware of the marked contrast between them, for Mrs. Pease's figure was large, heavy, and inelegant. I do not believe she *could* have committed a graceful action; and while Mrs. Garrett's taste in dress was exquisite, Mrs. Pease's sense of fitness, of arrangement, and harmony of color, was remarkably obtuse.

But just before tea, a circumstance occurred, which materially affected our relative estimates of the ladies.

Mrs. Winters, another of our neighbors called to see us. She was a pretty, rather characterless, and, on the whole, well meaning sort of woman, who lived in very dashing style, and was very anxious to ignore her early life, which was obscure.

But then, we all have our weaknesses, and if Mrs. Winters lacked moral courage in this matter, most likely you and I do in some other, reader.

I observed that our new guest seemed a little embarrassed when I presented her to



the others, and partly divined the cause, when they spoke of being natives of the same town.

"You have, however, altered so much I should hardly recognize you, Mrs. Winters," remarked Mrs. Garrett, in the course of their conversation. "But you know we used to meet almost every afternoon, as you returned from the factory, and I from school." Her voice was very low and soft, but it seemed to me there was a little consciousness in the smile that curved the lips of the lady, while Mrs. Winters' face changed suddenly to crimson, as she stammered some incoherent reply.

Mrs. Pease interrupted her, suddenly, and very earnestly: "I, too, remember you, Mrs. Winters, because of those delightful visits we used to have together, at your uncle's. You know he was quite the lion of our town, and then my father thought so much of him." Mrs. Winters' face beamed with smiles, as she turned it toward Mrs. Pease, but I doubt whether she felt so happy as that lady just then.

"Well, Sarah," remarked Mrs. Garrett, while we were at supper, "I always thought you hadn't the slightest taint of art in your nature, but I really doubted it, when you made that *very* effective speech to Mrs. Winters."

"Did you, Annie? Well, I couldn't help feeling very sorry for her, when you alluded to her factory life. She wishes to forget her antecedents, and if we cannot respect her motives, we certainly should her feelings."

"I don't agree with you, Sarah." The elegant lady was evidently a little disturbed. "If people are so weak as to be ashamed of their antecedents, they should be exposed and mortified. I intended she should understand I knew just who she was, and how she worked for several years in my father's factory and married his foreman."

"And now, on account of the sudden fortune he has acquired, she presumes to take airs, and set herself on a social eminence with those who always thought her infinitely beneath them. It's really quite ridiculous."

"But her manners are certainly refined, Annie,—as much so as many a rich man's daughter I have seen."

"Well, her father was a drunkard, and her mother a poor, shiftless creature."

That remark of yours about her uncle must have been very acceptable, for I honestly believe he was the only respectable relative Martha Winters ever had."

Some occurrence, I forget what, prevented any reply to this ironical conclusion of Mrs. Garrett's.

"And that is your ideal of a 'perfect lady'—oh, Nettie!" said my cousin, when we were alone that evening.

"I shall never love Mrs. Garrett any more," I answered, thrumming desperately on the piano keys. "Any woman who could intentionally and wantonly injure the feelings of another, cannot be a lady."

"You are right, Cousin Nettie," and Henry came up to me, and drew back my head, and smoothed down my hair, just as he used to do, when we sat, in the late autumn days, under the bulberry bushes; "no woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated, she may be, she is coarse-grained, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. She is plebeian, not in birth or fortune, it may be, but in her soul."

"How I wish all good people were beautiful and agreeable," I said. "Now there's Mrs. Pease, after all, she's the true lady," and then I fell to thinking.

"Of what are you thinking, Nettie?" at last asked my cousin Henry, and I looked up to find his dark, searching eyes on my face.

"I was thinking, Cousin Henry, how the angels' estimate of us must differ from our own; for they, with their clearer vision, behold that 'beauty of soul' which homeliness of setting cannot change or obscure. How little must this earthly loveliness we so highly, perhaps so rightly value, seem to them. Oh, when shall we to whom beauty is a joy, a happiness, a love, and yet who feel and acknowledge a loveliness beyond any that is outward and sensuous, because it is of the right, born of God, and eternal—when shall we learn to say *this is beauty*? always recognising and rejoicing in it."

"When this mortal shall have put on immortality," answered the deep voice of my cousin, and then we went to the window, and looking up together to the shining skies, said simultaneously, those grand, solemn, triumphant words of Paul the Apostle. "When this mortal shall have put on immortality."



## FIVE HUNDRED SCRIPTURAL ARGUMENTS FOR CHRISTIAN UNITARIANISM.

"I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth."—Daniel, 10th ch., 21 v.

"For we are not as many, which corrupt the word of God; but as of sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God speak we of Christ."—2nd Corin., 2nd ch., 17th v.

### (1.) ARTICLES OF RELIGION

#### IN THE VERY WORDS OF SCRIPTURE.

It would have been well for the Christian Church if her teachers and preachers had always kept close, not *nominally* but *really*, "to the wholesome words of Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is according to godliness." She would have been, by the power of truth and simplicity, all victorious over error and sin. But her strength has been spent in internal war on questions and strifes of words, whereof have come but envy and railing.—Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Unitarian Church, on the importance of keeping close to the very words and spirit of the Bible in the enunciation of their faith, Unitarians have always been very zealous; their watchword in the *adoption* or *rejection* of any article of religious faith has been, and we trust ever will be, "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."—Isaiah viii., 20.

The following are the leading articles of the religion of Christian Unitarians, and let these speak, whether it be true or not, what is so often said of them, "That they have nothing but a *negative* theology."

#### Unitarians believe—

##### OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES AND THEIR VALUE

"Thy word is as a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Psalm, cxix., 105.

"For whatsoever things were written aforetimes were written for our learning that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."—Romans, xv., 4.

"The words of the Lord are pure words: as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."—Psalm, xii., 6.

All Scripture [is] given by inspiration of God, and [is] profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—2 Timothy, iii., 16, 17.—(The words in brackets are not in the original text.)

#### Unitarians believe—

##### OF GOD AND HIS PERFECTIONS

"The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment."—Mark, xii., 29, 30.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—James, i., 17.

"There is none other God but one. For though there be that are called Gods, whether in heaven or in earth,—as there be Gods many, and Lords many,—but to us there is but one God the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him."—1 Cor., viii., 4, 6.

"Thou, O Lord, art a God full of compassion, and gracious, long suffering, and plenteous in mercy and truth."—Psalm lxxxvi., 15.

"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."—1 Timothy, ii., 5.

"The Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations."—Psalm, c., 5.

#### Unitarians believe—

##### OF CHRIST AND HIS DIVINE MISSION

"We believe and are sure that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."—John vi., 69.

"To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace."—Luke, i., 79.

"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and with power."—Acts, x., 38.

"Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him."—Acts ii., 22.

"God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his son."—Heb. i., 1, 2.

"Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus, ii., 14.

#### Unitarians believe—

##### OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, OR INFLUENCE OF GOD,

"If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."—Luke xi., 13.

"Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God."—1 Cor. ii., 12.

"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me."—John xv., 26.

"For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."—Rom. viii., 14.

"The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth."—Eph. v., 9.

#### Unitarians believe—

##### OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH AND ITS MEMBERS,

"In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."—Acts x., 35.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—Rom. x., 9.

"He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."—John xiv., 21.

"And he answered and said unto them, My mother and my brethren are they which hear the word of God, and do it."—Luke viii., 21.

"Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."—John viii., 31.



Unitarians believe—

OF PRAYER AND WORSHIP,

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name. O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Psalm xcvi, 8, 9.

"The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him."—John iv., 23.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name. O, Most High! to shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night."—Psalm xcii., 1, 2.

"One of Christ's disciples said unto him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples. And he said unto them, When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name."—Luke xi., 1, 2.

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Eph. iii., 14.

Unitarians believe—

OF MAN'S NATURE,

"Know ye that the Lord, He is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture."—Psalm c., 3.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."—Gen. i., 27.

"The Spirit of God hath made me; and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."—Job xxxiii., 4.

"Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions."—Ecc. vii., 29.

Unitarians believe—

OF SIN AND ITS UNIVERSALITY,

"Sin is the transgression of the law."—1 John iii., 4.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."—1 John i., 8.

"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."—Rom. iii., 23.

"If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me: if I say I am perfect, it shall also prove me perverse."—Job ix., 20.

"For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not."—Ecc. vii., 20.

Unitarians believe—

OF FORGIVENESS OF SIN AND ITS CONDITIONS,

"Let the wicked forsake their way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. lv., 7.

"For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee."—Psalms lxxxvi., 5.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if you forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."—Matt. vi., 14, 15.

"Render your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God, for he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness."—Joel ii., 13.

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him."—Dan. ix., 9.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. v., 7.

Unitarians believe—

OF GOOD WORKS AND THEIR USES

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. vii., 21.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven."—Matt. v., 16.

"Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles; that whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation."—1 Peter, ii., 12.

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also."—James ii., 26.

"And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good."—1 Peter, iii., 13.

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works."—Heb. x., 24.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil., iv., 8.

Unitarians believe—

OF REWARDS AND PUNISHMENT

"Great in counsel and mighty in work: for thine eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men: to give every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings."—Jer. xxxii., 19.

"Also unto thee O Lord belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his works."—Psalm, lxxii., 12.

"Tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first and also of the Gentile. But glory, honour, and peace to every one that worketh good, to the Jew first and also to the Gentile. For there is no respect of persons with God."—Rom. ii., 9, 11.

"Whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord whether he be bond or free."—Eph. vi., 8.

"But he that doeth wrong shall receive for the wrong which he hath done: and there is no respect of persons."—Col. iii., 25.

"For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."—2 Cor. v., 10.

Unitarians believe—

OF RESURRECTION AND LIFE ETERNAL

"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."—Ecc. xii., 7.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."—1 Cor., xv., 22.

"To an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."—1 Peter, i., 4.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."—1 Cor., xv., 53.

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."—John, xiv., 2.

"If our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. v., 1.

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev., vii., 17.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

**A HAPPY CHANGE.**—We took up a Journal a few days since, and read a tale something like this concerning a London Church:—In earlier and darker days the Aldgate Church, London, had a fund bestowed upon it wherewith to purchase faggots to burn the bodies of heretics, and save their souls! Centuries have passed away, and so far has the supply surpassed the demand that now there is no more room to store away these faggots for such infernal deeds. And now the Trustees of that Church, it is said, are really giving away the proceeds in order to keep alive the poor, and save the very classes which these faggots were intended to burn. That form of persecution, let us trust, is gone for ever.

**A POPULAR PREACHER ON POPULAR PREACHING**—“I could preach a series of what was termed *revival sermons*, and work up the feelings of my audience to a high pitch of excitement; at the conclusion, I could get perhaps half a-dozen of poor anxious souls set apart; I could get one man in one part of the chapel to shout, ‘Glory to God!’—another in another part to shout, ‘Amen!’—a third in another part to shout out, ‘Hallelujah,’ and so on, while I would be standing over the dozen which had been wrought upon by the excitement, inquiring, ‘Have you got him yet?’ Some of them would answer, ‘Yes,’ or ‘No,’ as their feelings dictated. But this gesticulation, manipulation, adjuration, conjuration, or incantation, was all *sham*; it was all chaff, from which a single grain of wheat could not be extracted. If the gospel preached in its purity and simplicity, with all earnestness and love, could not have the effect of converting sinners, it could not be obtained by those scenes of excitement.”

**A STRANGE CONFESSION.**—The *Tablet*, of the United States, a Roman Catholic paper says, in reference to the decline of Roman Catholicism, “Few insurance companies, we venture to assert, would take a risk on the national life of a creed which puts five hundred daily into the grave for every one it wins to its communion. And yet this is what Catholicity is doing in these States while we write.” A remarkable admission for a Catholic print.

**WESLEY IN DANGER.**—The celebrated John Wesley, being once on a visit at the vicarage-house of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, of Shoreham, in Kent, was asked by the daughter of the latter, what was his opinion of Dr. Watts on the Pre-existence of Christ which he (Mr. Wesley) had been reading. To which he gave answer, “That having perused to a certain point of the work, he threw the book away from him,” adding, “had I proceeded further I should have become an Arian.” This anecdote was authenticated by Miss Perronet.

**PARENTS, READ THIS.**—How often do parents reprove their children in an angry or fretful mood; in a spirit which destroys the force of the rebuke, or else awakens feelings of rebellion and ill-will. Children can easily see into us, and judge what manner of spirit we are of. Let parents read this little incident, and heed the lesson which it suggests. —“A very little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after parental correction, to ask in secret, the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father.—His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better; never to be angry again; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, ‘Lord! make ma’s temper better too.’”

**MISS C. E. BEECHER.**—The trinitarian Newspapers of the United States declare Miss Beecher a Unitarian from the sentiments of her book on *Religion*. She denies the statement and defines her position thus:—“I hold the doctrines of the Trinity, and of the Divinity, and the Atonement of Jesus Christ, just as my father ever has. At the same time, I hold the same views concerning ‘native depravity,’ as are and long have been taught by the New Haven school of divines. It was for his connection with this school of divines that my father, after being invited by Dr. Wilson and others of Cincinnati, to preside over Lane Seminary, was brought by trial before, first the Presbytery, and then the Synod, and lastly the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (before it was divided into the Old and New School,) and he was sustained by all, as not having departed from their standard of faith.”

**LONDON ATMOSPHERE.**—A very pious English lady, having been introduced to the Persian Ambassador, in London, exclaimed—“Is it possible that you are such idolaters in Persia, as to worship the Sun?” “Yes, Madame,” replied he, “and so you would in England, if you ever saw him.”

**MORMONISM.**—We hear that in England and Wales the Mormons have put, or are now putting in circulation, five millions of large type tracts, consisting each of sixteen pages. It further appears from the *Millennial Star*, the Mormonite organ, that a reinforcement of not fewer than seventy-five additional emissaries, destined principally for England are now on their way from Salt Lake.

**THE HEATHEN MAY BE SAVED.**—A few years ago it was a damnable error to hold that a Pagan could be saved. Money was begged to save their souls from the wrath of God and the flames of the bottomless gulf. “Thirty millions of our race are sinking down to hell every year for want of the Gospel of Christ,”—this was the statement of missions, this their frightful and blasphemous appeal! A brighter day is dawning. Read the following from the *Baptist Chronicle*:—“Even the heathen have some degree of moral and religious light, and we shall not say that by making due use of it they may not obtain salvation by the cross of Christ. They are under the discipline of providence; ‘nor has God left them without witness, in that He gave them rain from Heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with food and gladness.’ Though without the law they are a law unto themselves, their conscience in the meantime accusing or else excusing one another. They give just as conclusive evidence of being in a state of moral probation, as men in Christian lands. And the results of this trial have been in many cases most beneficent, and there have been instances of moral worth among them of which human nature may well be proud. Is it to be supposed that such characters could have existed among the heathen as Socrates, Plato, Seneca, and Antonius, had not the Mediator reflected some degree of light upon heathendom, and put men there upon a new probation, as well as in more favoured countries? He is not a God of the Jews only, but also of the Gentiles. And we can as distinctly trace a divine hand in the history of Greece or Rome, as in that of the Jews. The heathen are not condemned for what they have not, but for abusing what they have.” There is another testimony to the progress of thought in the religious world. The *North British Review*, the organ of Scotch Orthodoxy, declares—we quote its very words—“it is impious to suppose or proclaim, for the sake of swelling missionary funds, that the heathen will perish because they know not the Gospel of Christ.”



## DIAMOND DUST.

The morning hour has gold in its mouth.

Large promise is the soul of an advertisement.

When the heart is out of tune the tongue seldom goes right.

He who murmurs at his lot, is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

The good nature of a heathen is more Godlike than the furious zeal of a Christian.

He that has more knowledge than judgment is made for another man's use rather than his own.

Over indulgence, like too much sugar, only spoils what it was meant to sweeten.

Amusement is the employment of those who cannot think.

An idle reason lessons the weight of the good ones.

The dread of inconsistency must never be suffered to swallow up the dread of error.

The reason why many marriages are unhappy is because young ladies often spend more time in making nets than in making cages.

Bread is not more necessary to the support of human life than religion is to the happiness of a human being.

MEMORY HOOKS.—It is true of many persons, that their memory is but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

We must alter our lives, in order to alter our hearts, for it is impossible to live one way, and pray another.

PORSON AND PARR.—Dr. Parr once asked the Professor "what he thought of the origin of evil?" "I see no good in it," was his quiet reply.

As one live coal swiftly whirled in the air, will make complete circles of fire, so will energy kindle life's dull round into a finished orbit of light and beauty.

The triumph of woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

NAMES OF CHRISTIANS.—The Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces so essential to man's salvation: *saints*, for their holiness; *believers*, for their faith; *brethren*, for their love; *disciples*, for their knowledge.

"Seven years' fighting," says Jeremy Taylor, "sets a whole kingdom back in learning and virtue to which they were creeping, it may be, a whole age."

If you desire peace, love truth, seek piety, hate hypocrisy, lay by all those things called *articles of faith*, and *canons of the Church* that are not to be found in *express terms in Scripture*, or so plainly authorised by Scripture, as may, with ease, be discerned by every honest and conscientious person.

Religion is supposed by the world to be a system of rigour and austerity, marking its miserable votaries with the traces of melancholy, and supplanting all the innocent affections of life. How careful ought to be its professors that their deportment evince no unsociability, moroseness, or want of courtesy.

Some out of superstition DARE NOT examine the doctrine of religion; but blindly refer themselves to other men. Some out of design WILL NOT examine what they profess; because they practise upon religion, and it is not truth, but interest, that is intended by them. Some out of idleness and self-neglect, do NOT examine their religion—all their care being to be denominated from it.

## CHRIST THE FOUNDATION.

REV. H. WARE.

We may say once more, Christ is the only Foundation of the *believer's hope*. It is from him and his gospel, that we learn those truths concerning the mercy and placability of God, which give hope of pardon and acceptance on repentance, and of acceptance in our imperfect attempts to please him;—from him alone, also, that we derive sufficient assurance of a future life, and an existence of eternal purity and peace. Upon these points the understanding might speculate, and some times plausibly conjecture; but what could it ever *know*? What *did it ever know* in the uninstructed lands of heathenism? The whole history of the world teaches us, that on these points, so interesting to man's heart, so essential to man's happiness, there has been nothing but superstition and dim conjecture, except where the gospel has been revealed. It is the Message of Jesus Christ, which has taught the grace of Almighty God; which has proclaimed his long suffering and compassion; which has encouraged sinners to repent and return by invitations of forgiving love; which has declared the kind allowance of our Father for unavoidable imperfection, and thus given courage to human weakness. It is this only, which proclaims to a world lying in wickedness, that 'God hath not appointed it to wrath, but to obtain salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ;' and hath sent his 'Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.' Man—doubting, frail, tempted, fearful—hears the voice of love, and looks up in the humble assurance of faith. No longer an alien, but a son, he seizes the outstretched hand of his blessed Lord and goes on his way rejoicing.

There is another hope which he finds on the same rock—the hope of a coming immortality.

Once he was in bondage through the fear of death. But now, his Saviour hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light.

The bitterness of death is past. There is light within the tomb. There is a visible region of glory beyond it. And the child of earth, who once shuddered and was wretched in the dread of everlasting extinction, is now able to smile upon the dreary pathway of the grave, and triumph over the terrors of corruption.

What an inestimable privilege is this? With his open bible before him, and the image of his gracious Saviour in his mind, how does the conscience stricken penitent rejoice amid his tears, in the hope of offered pardon! How does the humble and self-distrusting believe, who stands trembling and abashed in the presence of infinite purity—find comfort in the encouraging accents of Christ's soothing voice, and the hope of acceptance at the throne of grace. How does the reasoning and dying offspring of the dust—to whom existence and friendship and virtue are dear—rejoice with holy gratitude in the hope, that his existence shall be renewed, and his desires satisfied, in heaven. Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift—this glorious hope which in every season of trial and every stormy strait of sorrow and fear, is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast."

We perceive that the foundation of the Christian Church and all true religion in the world; and of individual knowledge, virtue, and hope, is laid in Jesus Christ. All our religious light, security, and peace, rest upon this rock. Let us leave this, and where shall we go? who will teach us the words of eternal life? For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.



## A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

I'll live for those who love me,  
 Whose hearts are kind and true;  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too;  
 For human ties that bind me,  
 For the task by God assigned me;  
 For the bright hopes left behind me,  
 And the good that I can do.

I'll live to learn their story  
 Who've suffered for my sake;  
 To emulate their glory,  
 And to follow in their wake:  
 Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
 The noble of all ages,  
 Whose deeds crown History's pages,  
 And Time's great volume make.

I'll live to hold communion  
 With all that is divine;  
 To feel there is a union  
 'Twixt nature's heart and mine;  
 To profit by affliction,  
 Reap truth from fields of fiction;  
 Grow wiser from affliction,  
 And fulfil each grand design.

I'll live to hail that season  
 By gifted minds foretold,  
 When men shall rule by reason,  
 And not alone by gold;  
 When man to man united,  
 And every wrong thing righted,  
 The whole world shall be lighted,  
 As Eden was of old.

I'll live for those who love me—  
 For those who know me true;  
 For the heaven that smiles above me,  
 And awaits my spirit too;  
 For the cause that needs assistance;  
 For the wrong that needs resistance;  
 For the future in the distance,  
 And the good that I can do.

## HOW TO KILL THE POPE.

Not by jangling—not by wrangling—  
 Hurling stones at one another—  
 Teaching man to scorn his neighbour—  
 Persecute his honest brother;  
 Not by finding flaws in doctrines  
 Which our teaching may disown,  
 Thinking little of the evils  
 Quite as great within our own;  
 Not by setting creeds to battle—  
 Christian men to battle too,

Just because one believeth  
 What another says is true;  
 Not by rampant declamation,  
 Calling, in an angry tone,  
 On the State to settle questions  
 Which belong to God alone;  
 Not by raking up the ashes  
 Of some dark and bygone age—  
 Pointing to the flames of Smithfield  
 To increase the zealot's rage;  
 Not by packed and crowded meetings,  
 Where, misled by passion's tide,  
 Facts and arguments are quoted,  
 Bearing only on one side;  
 Not by falsehood and perversion;  
 Not by calumny and wrong;  
 Not by sowing seeds of discord,  
 With the pen, the Press, and tongue;  
 Bigotry ne'er made a convert—  
 Fierce discussion, hottest fight,  
 Proves not that the Pope's in error.  
 Nor the Church of England's right.

But by doing, oft and ever,  
 All the good that mortal can,  
 Worshipping the God who made us,  
 Not the creed of any man:  
 Taking Christ for our example—  
 Making him our guide and rule;  
 Offering no offence to any—  
 Calling no one knave or fool:  
 By endeavouring to make better  
 Whoso'er is dark and bad—  
 Cheering on the poor and downcast—  
 Making mournful hearts feel glad:  
 Showing up the power of kindness,  
 And the bitter gall of strife—  
 Putting off the truth's profession—  
 Putting on the truth in life:  
 By reclaiming the dishonoured,  
 Teaching those who never heard,  
 In our crowded courts and hovels,  
 Of their Maker's name or word:  
 By assisting education,  
 Giving mental light to all;  
 Leaving each man unmolested,  
 By his faith to stand or fall;  
 Striving, in a noble spirit,  
 With our heart's love to embrace,  
 Raise and succour, bless and honour,  
 All the wide-spread human race:  
 Thus, like valiant Christian warriors,  
 Armed for conflict, we may cope  
 With all crime, and wrong, and error,  
 Kill the Devil and the Pope.

G. L. BANKS.

Edited by ROBERT SPEARS, SUNDERLAND,  
 to whom all Letters are requested to be sent.